Monks House
Rodmell
Lewes,
19th August Sussex.

My dear Vita,

Have you come back, & have you finished your book — when will you let us have it? Here I am, posing a nuisance, with all these questions. I enjoyed your intimate letter from the dolomites. It gave me a great deal of pain — what is it? I've no doubt the first stage of intimacy — no friends, no heart, only an indifferent

head. Never mind: I enjoyed your
abuse very much.

How could I think mountains
& climbing romantic? What
brought up with alpenstocks in
my nursery, & a raised map of
the Alps, showing every peak my
father had climbed? Of course,
London & the marshes are the places I like best.

But I will not go on
else I should write you a really
intimate letter, & then you would
dislike me, more, even more, than
you do.

But please let me know about
the book. Yrs V.W.

NYPL

52
Tavistock Square
London
W.C.1.
Tele. 2621 Museum

Monday.

My dear Vita,

I was just writing to ask you to dine, when the devil of influenza & headache returned, & I have had to promise to lead the life of a hermit for a fortnight.

But if you would come & drink a mild Tea cup of tea with me on Friday it would be angelic & charitable & very very dull (for Jan).

I pay 1/4 to 5 because I

have only one maid; the may be out:
then you couldn't get in.
This not getting down
like d-d aristocrats. It's
one of their drawbacks — the
other I will recount on Friday
Eve
V.W.

NYPL

52. T.S.

~~Tu~~ Thursday.

My dear Vita,

I ought to take up Rebecca West line
when you offered her a lift in a Rolls-Royce —
but being of a humble nature, I accept
peaches, Kummel, Everything, with
complete gratitude & delight. Leonard
& I sat down very critically to your
peaches last night, doubting if they could
be what they looked. And they were —
heavenly, delicious.

I did not really deserve them either,
as I got up yesterday, & consider myself
quit of the disease. In honesty I
have to admit a slight temperature
still, in case you think it wiser not

to come, but I often get this when I'm well,
& never infect any/anyone, do I
hope you will come — tomorrow, a
quarter to five. We are making
money very comfortably out of Seducers.
I am very pleased, not only commercially, but
I think it to Hopkins credit, considering how
out of the way it is, in size & price &
meaning & everything
NYPL
I'm fishing for your poem — That's
what I'm after. Do you see my line?
I've been engaged (in fact it gave me the
influenza) violently arguing with Logan
Pearsall Smith the morality of writing for
Vogue & Heinemann, as against the Times
Lit. Sup. & the Hogarth Press. Do you
would differently for different people? Does
Todd pray you immense Immense

runs? does the editor of the Lit. Sup. cut out your improper stories? do you feel sanctified by Leonard's character when you write for him?

all these questions I will ask you tomorrow. I wish I had been able to come to your cousin's party — I've had very bad luck lately.

(By the way, if you meet Lady Colefax do not say that you are coming here tomorrow, as I have put her off.)

One thing more, — I have done — Mrs Candy's present address. She said she was moving; — I want her to type some things quickly.

Now with a thousand thanks dear Mr. Nicolson, for the lovely peaches, which I will not throw at your head,

Your affec

V.W.

P.T.O.

We are giving an awful, awful, awful party
(I'll tell you about it) but you
and Mr. Nicolson MUST
Come.

No preacher will avail if you
don't.

NYPL

52
Tavistock Square
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Monday.

My dear Vita,

We would like very much to come, but do you think that Lady Gerald would ask us another night?

I'm being bothered by a beast of a headache, & have to keep very quiet & not do what I've got to get – what I hope to do completely next week.

Please thank Lady Gerald, & please come & see us yourself.

Sebastian still selling.

Yours V.W.

Monks House
Rodmell

Monday

My dear Vita,

How nice it would be to get a
letter from you!
But then you don't write
letters unasked.
So I will put my plea before you
that I'm in bed, & it's raining, & Leonard's
in London; Will that do it?
We went to a great birthday &
bridal party at Charleston the other
day. The noise & heat were much

that I cried do nothing but fall prostrate [illegible]
the ~~fall~~ floor in a faint. I have been in bed
ever since, with a headache - but not as
bad as sciatica, I dare say.

I have a perfectly romantic & no doubt untrue
vision ~~of~~ of you in my mind - stamping out the
hops in a great rat in tent - stark naked,
brown as a satyr, & very beautiful. Will
tell me this is all illusion.

We came
away from London to parched & cynical that
all we wanted was to sit in the damp & observe
insects. Naturally, this being so, telegrams have
pursued us, & the Morrells would have come
us, Ottoline & Philip, demanding beds, & wearing
the whole smoke cloud over us again,
had it not been for some valiant lying on
my part. She can't tell the Truth to Ottoline.
She found it out, - as indeed a babe in arms
would; but shaved it. Now don't you, as a

born aristocrat (which is said to annoy) call this damned bad manners? I do. So we are under a ban. If I say that I have to visit my mother-in-law in Bexhill, you ought to believe it. Still — no doubt this bores you.

Otherwise, what has happened, & at what stage did we last meet? At the Morells, I believe. I broke off wedged in the midst of a terrible argument which someone, a week later, told me seemed to him one of the most exciting he had ever heard. But who? Everything is now obscure.

I am weighed down by innumerable manuscripts. Edith Sitwell; 20 dozen books; one man on birth control; another an Utopian in Leeds; & the whole of Gertrude Stein, which I flutter with the tips of my little fingers, but dont open. I think her dodge is to repeat the same word 100 times over in different connections,

until at last you feel the form of it.

But please tell me about your poem.
Are you writing it? Is it very beautiful?
I rather think I shall like it: but I am very old
fashioned in my poetry, & like reading Crabbe.
What I wish is that you would deal severely
with facts. I ~~do~~ don't want anymore
accurate descriptions of butterflies, & how they're
polished on one side & not on the other. What I
want is the habits of earth worms; the diet
given in the workhouse: NYPL anything exact about a
matter of fact – milk, for instance – the hours
of eating, ~~walking~~, morality &c. From that,
proceed to sunsets & transparent leaves/ or
all the rest, which, with my mind rooted
upon facts, I shall then embrace with
tremendous fervour. Do you think there is any
truth in this?

Now, as you were not a
farmer, surely it is all in your head ready.
Tennyson, you see, was never a farmer: Crabbe
was a parson, which does as well- But I
must stop. I shall get up tomorrow: & be quite
well next day I hope. How is Sciatica?
Your joke made me roar.

Yrs VW

HAMILL & BARKER 2/5/62